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We appreciate indeed the connection, and assure you that any future work entrusted to us will be given our best and serious attention.

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# EPISTAXIS, 1928

FEATURING PURITY NUMBER

Published every February, weather and censors permitting. Appears under the auspices of the Medical Society of the University of Toronto, in conjunction with "Daffydil Night."

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . A. H. Walker    Business Manager . . . . S. V. Railton  
Associate Editor . . . . R. M. Mitchell    Ass't Business Mgr. . . . G. H. Grant

## YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

K. G. Gray, J. A. Fallon, J. L. Blaisdell, R. A. Benson,  
R. C. Carveth, A. C. Wilson.

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## *"Strictly Germ-Proof"*

\*\*\*\*\*

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup  
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambolled up;  
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised;—  
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease:  
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;  
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope  
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;  
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;  
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand  
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a micrococcus in the garden where they play;  
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;  
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—  
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

—A. Guiterman.





# INTRO-DUCEMENT.

L.W.R.

Recently it has been brought to our attention that certain of the undergraduates in the Medical Faculty, notably those in the senior years, have been under the impression that Epistaxis is a humorous publication. Such an erroneous rumor cannot be allowed to circulate unchallenged, and with this in mind, we are presenting "Epistaxis 1928" in the form in which you now see it. We regret exceedingly that one or two passages which might be considered funny have slipped in. Had we noticed them sooner, they too would have been deleted.

Far be it from us to suggest that Epistaxis was ever thus. Since the beginning of the world there have been many changes. Day changes to night, night changes to day, people change trains and money changes hands. And so it is with Epistaxis. We think that it might be appropriate, here, to tell you something concerning the great improvements which have led up to the production of the modern Epistaxis.

In the old days our ancestors hung by their tails and threw coconuts at one another. That habit has been cured, and it is an improvement. History tells us that in ages past people could neither read nor write. Business houses complained that no one could peruse their advertisements, so schools were invented. A short time after this idea was forced on the public, some kids one day were learning their lessons in the class-room, and one said, "Teacher, you have funny hair." The teacher answered, "Yes, like Heaven—no parting there." The other kids said, "Look! Look! The funny sound. Teacher, you have funny hair. Yes—like Heaven—there is no parting there.—Ike and Mike, they look alike!" That was the first rhyme. Poetry had commenced!

The new idea took alright, but people began to complain that most of it was too long. "The poems are too big, there is room for more improvement," they said. Hence one bright guy conceived the idea of drawing small pictures to represent big poems and thus make it possible for the average reader to understand what it was all about. Since that time cartoons have been with us.

It is only right that the names of those who have contributed to this Purity number of Epistaxis should be brought under public consideration and lauded. They have rendered invaluable assistance in making this issue absolutely joke-proof.

First of all we would expose "Six-Bit Critic." When we wrote offering him \$0,000 for a contribution to Epistaxis we feared that the length of his contribution would be in precise ratio to the amount we had offered. But he wrote back saying he considered it a pleasure to contribute. We were delighted, and you will be too, after you have read the tale he has written.

Many of our readers will be glad to see the contribution from that versatile artist, and former editor, Dr. S. L. Biehn. "String" says that it is his first attempt in months. You will agree that the rest has not changed his pleasing style.

T. H. Belt and K. S. Gray are two other former editors whose contributions appear. Their assistance in the production of this number has been greatly appreciated.

With considerable pleasure we again present Champus Cat. He has written on subjects which interest a lot of us.

R. Morrison Mitchell has once more drawn the cover design and contributed a whole flock of cartoons. His ability in this regard is well known to the readers of Epistaxis. Considerable of the art work was done by S. V. Railton, who like Mr. Mitchell, has previously been of great assistance in the publication of this periodical.

We have been told that in presenting a book that it is customary to dedicate it. We are considering leaving this to the readers, as most of them will dedicate it to the ash-can. However, wishing you the same, we cease.

THE EDITOR.



640 Post Road  
Fairfield Conn.  
U.S.A.

Dear "Meds": -

After your life running  
clinic and  
repeatedly -

from the most important  
demonstrator down  
to one or two of the Professors  
and you burn gallons of  
midnight oil in close application to studies  
and wear holes in

you have spent six (6) years of  
from this lecture to that

get bawled out  
by almost every body

T.G.H.  
Keep off  
Grass

your best "kicks" at the  
Hart House Masquerade, The  
Med-at home or the dollar  
dances  
swell  
turns  
down

nurse  
you

Physiological  
Study of a  
Flush  
(possible)

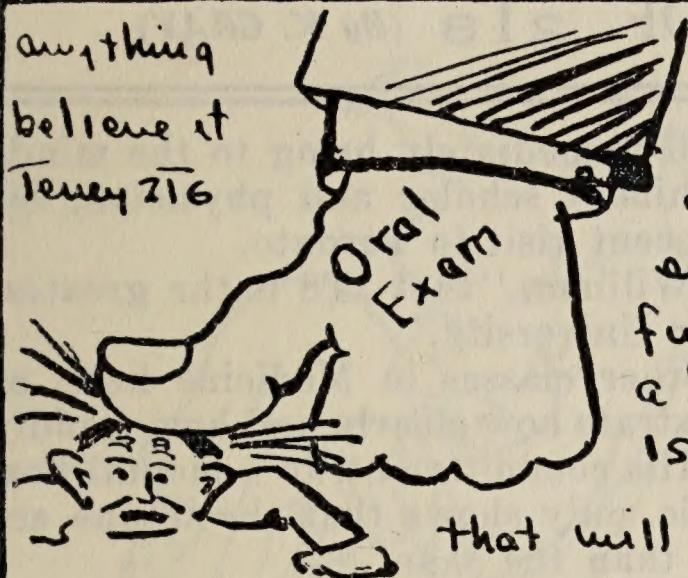
or you get into  
a jam in  
your first year  
that bad  
final

See class  
advisor

or it is not  
until your  
year when



anything  
believe it  
Tenney 216



can happen and if you don't  
ask Bill White 216 or Eber  
or send a stamped addressed  
envelope to me and then you  
find out that when a med' needs  
a friend there  
is one place

that will never let  
you down and you finally  
graduate and spend a year  
somewhere as an interne



and  
then  
Comb the  
atlas



(Interne + Phone = no reaction.)



with a magnifying glass looking  
for a location, find one and sit around  
wondering how things are going at U of T and  
how the boys are making out and then almost  
writing to find out but never getting quite

that bad, finding that you get more A's in practise  
than you did in school and being interrupted by  
someone paying you two (2) dollars (\$) to tell  
them something that even a "school" man would know,

Whenever I hit the  
wife, Doc, I get the  
worst of it



then you realize that the "Forsan et  
haec olim meminisse juvabit" of the  
U of T. Song book means

It will be funny when it quits  
bursting

Yours truly

Spring 1928



## THE PASSING OF 2T8 *(By K. GRAY)*

Mention of the class of Meds. 2T8 will immediately bring to the minds of the well read, the remark of that eminent scholar and physician, Sir William Bustler, on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto.

"There can be no question," said Sir William, "that 2T8 is the greatest class which ever graduated from this fair University."

The fact that Bustler had seen no other classes in Medicine here, or for that matter anywhere else, will demonstrate how clearly and how rapidly he made up his mind on such occasions. His committment, to a mental hospital the next day, as a congenital paretic, only shows that the insane are often much more acute in these matters than the sane.

Encouraged by this and hundreds of similar panegyrics, we feel free to commence our modest volume, in a futile attempt to depict the glorious reputation which enhalos the graduating year.

'Twas in the year 1922, that some 120 of these stalwart youths and fair maidens first came to drink in medical lore and O.T.A. beer. In those days, certain historical customs attended the act of becoming a medical student. It had been passed down from remote antiquity that the rustic exuberance of the frosh must be checked in no uncertain manner. There was a well-established belief that no one could acquire a professional manner who had not had his hair clipped and his glutei tanned.

Who could guess, to look at these grave and respectable scions of medical learning, the rude acts to which they were subjected under the head of Initiations? The Old Gym was the scene of the barbaric rites. Two by two, blindfolded and suitably unadorned for the occasion, they were shorn of their complacency and hair, and made to understand that there are two purposes of barrel staves, one of which is to hold apples.

Now, a belief had arisen that some, on graduation, might remain in urban centres where an occasional customer would speak English. Accordingly the year was divided into groups of twelve, as it was felt that English could be more readily expressed by this arrangement. In these groups, we were instructed to write an essay entitled "Why I En-

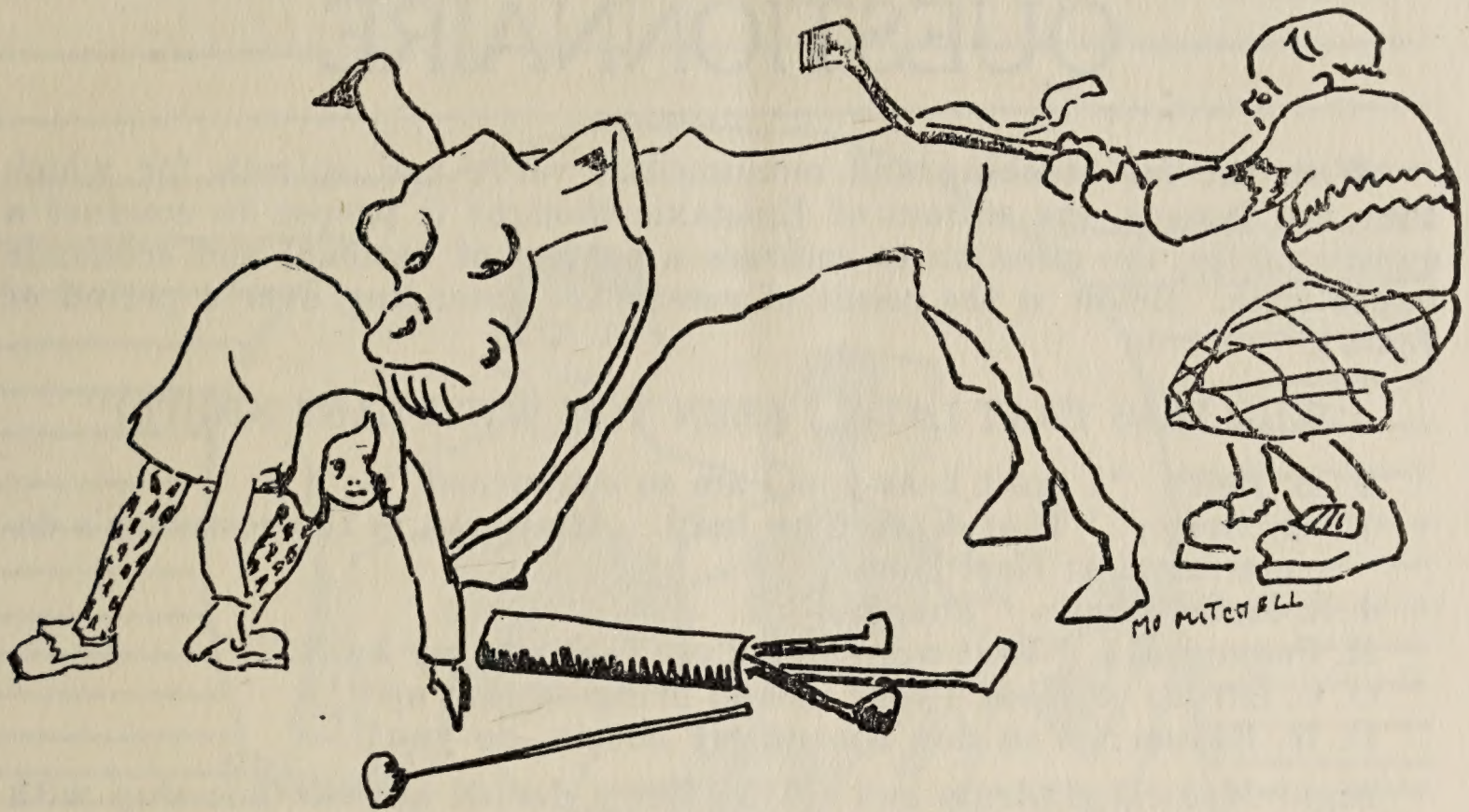
tered Medicine." And so, for several weeks, we listened to one another in turn, using up sixty minutes and several thousand words to demonstrate that we hadn't the vaguest notion why we entered medicine.

In the intervals between Initiations and Expressing English we attended labs. and lectures. The hundred odd members of 2T8 clambered together into a large lecture room, armed with a ponderous note-book, a hefty fountain pen and a bovine expression. The boys who are trying to get along decorate the interior pews; the masses select the rear benches, to nod in peace. This is the phenomenon known to the laity as "Twilight Sleep." After six years of training one becomes so proficient that I was not at all surprised one night on Yonge Street to see three members of 2T8, standing fast asleep in front of a Salvation Army preacher.

And so they slept on from year to year, through the maze of Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Anatomy, Physiology, Biochemistry, Medicine, Surgery. Many a good fellow fell by the way, and many another came to take his place. A fine lot, are the graduating year. In years to come, they may well make a name which will rival that of the Jukes or the Kallikaks.



## AN ASSININE FEAT!



Prominent Golfer Beats Donkey Off Wife With Niblick.

**YE EDITOR BECOMES  
A MAN OF LETTERS**

Dear Editor:

My hats are too large for me and constantly slip down over my ears. What would you advise?

Al. K. Loghsis.

Dear Al:

We suggest that you pound your head with a hammer. It will swell.

Dear Mr. Editor: My daughter, aged sixteen, goes out nights with young men and does not get in until two or three o'clock. What shall I do about it?

Mrs. Anna Phylacksis.

Answer: You had better let her sleep till noon. Statistics show that a child of that age requires eight to ten hours' sleep.

Dear Ed: Can you tell me where is the best place to hold the world's fair.

A. Sid Oughsis.

Dear Sid: Around the waist.

Dear Editor:

I am a poor student and would like to know where there is a good cheap restaurant.

Otto Byrne.

Dear Otto:

Send a stamped envelope and one dollar and we will divulge where you can get coffee, doughnuts and overcoat for fifteen cents.

Dear Sir:

Several people in our neighborhood have contracted T.B. and died. What can I do to avoid this dread disease.

Anxiously yours,  
Alf. Alpha.

Dear Alpha:

If you are really afraid, strain your milk and sterilize your water with chloride of lime.

Dear Editor: Why do girls walk home from auto rides?

Janet L. Ridge.

Dear Miss Ridge: What a silly question—For goodness sake!



## QUESTIONNAIRE

With the far reaching and monumental verve and aplomb for which they are famous, the editors of Epistaxis thought it proper to conduct a questionnaire, the question to embrace a subject of national and economic importance. Below is the result of researches extending over a period of years:

“WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?”

T. H. Belt: “I can’t hear you I am so sunburned.”

K. G. Gray: “That wasn’t no lady. He works in the costumer’s department at Hart House.”

J. R. McGillivray: “Thanks.”

H. Pequegnat: “That were no ladle. That was my knife.”

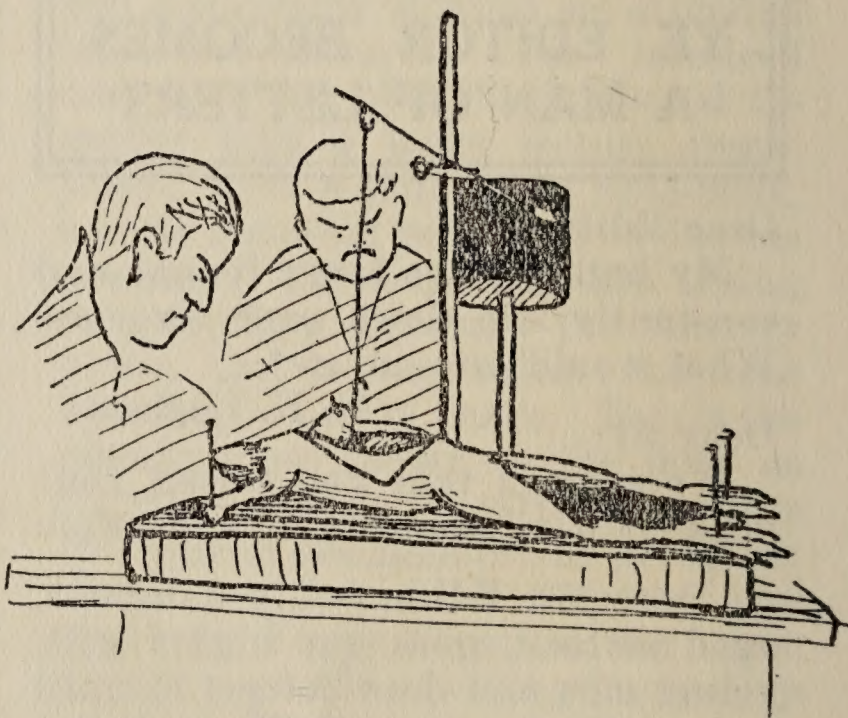
G. C. Large: “What’s your idea in bringing that up?”

D. R. Easton: “You don’t mean my cousin, do you?”

Eight Medical students and all the Dents denied acquaintanceship with any ladies, and threatened to sock the questioner for even suggesting it.

## SILK SOCKS

Hello! Hello! I want Fordham 0 0 2 0, 0—0!—0! No, they ain’t nobuddy behind me; I want party O. Hello, is that th’ Morgue? I said *is that the Morgue?* Oh, it is! Then why didn’t you say so. I’m looking for a body—I said I’m looking for a body. What kind of a body? Well, what kind have you *got?* (Boy, you’d think they’d know their stock). You see my room-mate she ain’t been home since Thursday. No, she ain’t that kind of a girl—she always comes home from a party. What’s she like? Kinda like me. Oh, that’s right, you don’t know what I look like. Well, she’s short and kinda plump, blonde—what’s that? No—*not* natural; blue eyes, she’s one of them Sapphos—I said one of them Sapphos, SAPPHO!! Spell it for you? S A F—you know, French Vamp. And she had on a pink dress—I said pink, PINK—light red. Well, wouldja *look.* (Crust! they don’t know nothin’). Oh, you *have* one. Where was she? I said where was she? In the lake? What lake? That’s right, there ain’t but one lake round here. What part of the lake? Sunnyside. Wow! I told her to try the Island for a change. Tell me, is she swole much? I said is she swole much? No, I mean is she swole with the water—she ain’t that kind of a fool. Well, wouldja *look.* (Oh h—, they



1st Stude: What’s the matter with the frog?

2nd Delta: I think it’s going to croak.

don’t know nothin’). She is swole! (Sniff). Is she swole bad? She’s swole dreadful! Tell me, is her legs swole? I said is her *legs swole?* Well, wouldja look! (Sapristi, you can’t get no service here). Her legs is swole? Is they swole bad? They’re swole terrible? My Gawd, my new silk stockings is ruined!!





**DAFFYDIL**

**1928**



The Daffydil Committee on Behalf of the Medical Society of the  
University of Toronto presents "DAFFYDIL NIGHT"  
Founded 1895

THE DAFFYDIL COMMITTEE OF 1928.  
CHAIRMAN—D. M. Campbell.

Secretary .....	L. H. Lewis	Ladies' Rep. ....	Miss M. K. Patterson
Editor of Epistaxis .....	A. H. Walker	Year Representatives.	
Treasurer .....	J. W. Shier	Sixth Year .....	O. A. Kilpatrick
Publicity Manager .....	G. H. Grant	Fifth Year .....	A. A. Overholt
Property Manager .....	W. A. McTavish	Fourth Year .....	G. H. Hutton
Stage Manager .....	A. F. Hollinrake	Third Year .....	D. B. Smith
Electrician .....	G. C. Ferguson	Second Year .....	G. B. Lane
Head Usher and Lantern ..	O. L. Stanton	First Year .....	C. A. Cooper
The Committee were assisted by: A. Shaw, F. N. Greig, G. L. Duff, A. R. Armstrong.			

ORCHESTRA:			
Director—J. D. M. Griffin.			
O. A. Kilpatrick.	F. White.	E. Withrow.	A. J. Muller.
F. V. Snell.	W. Grant.	L. Clegg.	E. Thomas.
J. Maxwell.			

B                   The Medettes Present "A Midnight Frolic"  
What happened in a playroom one night from midnight till one a.m.  
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Reader .....	Margaret Runstadler.
Little Girl .....	Dorothy James.
Clown .....	K. W. Baldwin.
Jack in the Box .....	Stella Abidh.
French Doll .....	Milly Bates.
Raggedy Ann .....	Rose Abrahamwitz.
The Light .....	Rosamond McCulloch.
Three Bears .....	Doris Foster.
	Reba Willits.
	Marguerite Brown.
	Violet Henry.
	Isabel McClinton.
Wooden Soldiers .....	Miriam Brick.
	Molly Grant.
	Gwen Mahon.
	Eugenia Watt.

C                   The Graduating Class Presents "Students of the Past"  
A fantastic burlesque, conceived and delivered by the same two.

PRELUDE  
"The Course is Ended," solo, sung by G. C. Large.  
SCENE OF ACTION  
Medical Bar Room, Sumach Street, years ago.

CAST	
The Bar Room Orchestra .....	C. A. Brownson.
Herman (The bartender) .....	O. A. Kilpatrick.
R. D. Rudolf .....	D. S. Hoare.
V. E. Henderson .....	J. R. Robertson.
J. J. R. McLeod .....	Bill Jones.
F. G. Banting .....	T. H. Belt.
E. A. Linell .....	T. H. Gleeson.
Dr. Hasbeen (A frequenter) .....	C. D. Preston.
	D. M. Campbell.
Transport yourself back to the days of the Old Medical School and visualize, if you can, a group of students devoting an evening to Science.	
Master of Properties—W. M. Masters.	



**D****"The Lawsuit."**

Depicting an interesting episode arising out of the many railroad crossing affairs which are common clay events.

**CHARACTERS:**

Judge.	Railroad Crossing Signalman.
Attorney for Plaintiff (a poor farmer).	Poor Farmer.
Attorney for Defendant (Railroad Company).	

**CAST.**

Dr. Arthur Kelly.	Dr. Stewart Murray.	Roy Huygard.
Dr. John Armstrong.	Dr. Riddell Westman.	

**E****Fifth Year Skit, "The Cruise of the Floating Kidney"**

Written by Messrs. D. M. Campbell, A. A. Overholt—And How! ! !

Misdirected by A. A. Overholt.

A drama of the sea in one spasm, touching upon the activities of a smart salesman from the Big City and the love affair of a Medical Student.

TIME—A couple of minutes to four bells. PLACE—The Great Open Sea.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS ? ? ?**

Capt. Darling (Master of the good ship "Floating Kidney")	G. L. Duff.
His Daughter (Ima Darling)	S. V. Railton.
A. Kanphul (A salesman from Swalloway, Pills & Co.)	A. A. Overholt.
H. Forceps (A Medical Student)	G. E. D. Wilson.
H. Mole (A sailor, one of the Two Black Crows)	L. M. Ives.
Property Boss Extraordinary	T. I. Moffatt.

**F****Fourth Year Skit, "Beau's Jest"**

Written by M. J. Kelly - Directed by G. H. Hutton

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

Prologue	Gordon H. Hutton.
Beau,	Maurice J. Kelly.
Bozo, The Three Jest Boys	W. J. Young.
Bohunk,	J. Reg. Rogers.
Sergeant Lejeune	Jimmy L. Blaisdell.
Abud el Spira (The great Chaotic warrior)	Hugh R. Inksater.
Marcheta (His daughter)	J. H. Forrester.
Aloes Gripes (A little girl from Away Back Home and one-time captive of Abud)	C. Haig Gundry.
Eddie "Hamley"	W. A. Hawk.
Little Spirit of Camphor (Eddie's ghost)	W. A. Hawk.
Tribesmen, Legenairres, Desert Scientists, etc.	
SCENE I.—An Outpost in the Desert.	SCENE II.—The same Outpost.
SCENE III.—And yet again.	
Pianist—R. J. Peer.	

**G****The Third Year Presents "A Study in Insanity"**

CAST (In the order of their appearance).

SCENE.—A local asylum.

SKIT.—Devised by R. A. Benson and D. B. Smith.

Arranged and directed by C. D. Preston.

Costumes and Props by Neva U. Mind.

Music arranged by Fuller Bunk and Helva Dinne.

AT THE PIANO.—Fred Todds.

The Keeper	Max Spence.
Opera Singer	"Red" Farrell.
The Boxer	Tommy Byrnes.
Trumpet Baby	Ash Benson.
The Spinster	Olga Hackinkorff.
An Inventor	John Macmillan.
Clergyman	Don Smith.
Just Nuts (And how we picked them!)	{ Ken McEachern.
	{ Basil Layton.



# **H**      The Second Year presents "The Tragedy of Julius Caesar."

Feeling that the standard of drama offered in Daffydil night could well be strengthened, Second Year takes pleasure in offering the Death Scene from this famous work, more or less by Bill Shakespeare with modern improvements by A. W. Neal. The new idea of enacting such works in modern costume is also offered for your approval.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. J. T. Caesar (Mayor of Rome) .....	J. B.-P. Moffatt.
Mr. Marcus Low Brutus (Alderman) .....	C. D. Hess.
Mr. Mark Antony (Noted correspondent in the Cleopatra case and friend of the Mayor) .....	H. F. Foex.
Mr. Cassie Cassius (Of the Radical Wing) .....	F. C. Steele.
Mr. Cascara Casca .....	R. W. J. Carveth.
Followers of the Opposition	
Mr. Sextus Cinna .....	G. P. Hamblin.
Mr. Bony Trebonius (From the 4th Ward) .....	F. G. S. Christie.
Mr. Artie Artimidorus (A citizen who knows too much) .....	H. D. Barner.
The Chief of Police (Of Rome) .....	M. J. W. Thomson.
The Statue .....	H. A. Burnett.
A Political Forecaster .....	Names withheld.
A Coroner .....	

# **I**      1st Year Skit "Hell's Belles" (A. W. Neal.)

"Pornie" Graphic .....	Jimmie Sinclair.
Dan Druff .....	Ross Micol.
Herbie Cide .....	Joe Dawson.
H.M.S. Lucifer I. (The popular man about town) .....	Allan Neal.
Helen of Troy (The purse for one of the biggest fights of history) .....	Bob Graham.
Cleopatra (She was the first to mark Anthony, and even Caesar sees'er) .....	Gordon Tucker.
Salome (The one dancer Ziegfield missed) .....	Jack Marquis.
Nero (King of all Fiddlers) .....	Doug. Bales.
Napoleon (Lovingly known to his soldiers as the "Little Corporation") .....	Art Henry.
Sunday School Men and other Poor Devils .....	Messrs. McGinnis, Merrell, Robinson and Connor.
Property Manager, Skit Manager .....	Charlie Cooper.
Master of the Wardrobe .....	Bill Baldwin.
Director .....	A. W. Neal.
Head Electrician .....	Wilfred Smith.

SCENE I.—Any city street corner not decorated by a cop. Time—Late.

SCENE II.—A section of the Gehenna Night Club for Departed but Merry Souls.

## UNDER THE AUSPICES OF *The University of Toronto* *Medical Society*

T. H. BELT,  
President.

J. R. MCGILLIVRAY,  
Vice-President.

R. WILLIAMS,  
Sec.-Treas.

D. R. EASTON  
Asst. Sec.-Treas.



## LIBIDIA SYNKHAM TELLS HER STORY

### Lightning Pains in Wooden Leg Responded to Some Old Depilatory

Following our immemorable custom, we continued our series of interviews with famous people by cornering Libidia Synkham, whose remedies have made possible practically all the happiest of our family scenes. We were able to locate the famous lady only by developing sinking feelings and irregular habits, under which circumstances we were literally urged into her presence. In her laboratory (which resembles a brewery to an astonishing degree) we found her among her simple cases and boxes, in her simple lab. coat. She simply heaped advice upon us, the which we were not simple enough to understand, however. Speaking of her astonishing success, she said, "I did it for my mother."

"You must know" she continued, absent-mindedly taking a drink from a bottle marked "Compound" "that my own dear mother was sorely afflicted. Her difficulties included a sinking feeling so profound that she continually wore stilts, an inability to walk a tight-rope, eat boiled tripe, swim the English Channel, or keep her stockings up, and a congenital dread of potato-bugs. But one day as I was washing grandpa the great discovery was made. Mother, while hunting a recipe for undunkable doughnuts accidentally found a very old bottle of grand-father's favourite depilatory, and hoping that it would ease the lightning pains in her wooden leg, she drank it. Immediately—results!"

"The discovery was the beginning of my success," Libidia continued, "I had a sample of grand-father's specific analyzed and found that I could obtain a similar compound from the Embalmers' Supply Company until my own factory should commence operations. You see the results—nineteen out of twenty females use it, my own fourteen daughters are never without it." Here we intimated that we did not know that she had a husband. "Ah!" she said knowingly "Parthenogenesis via Libidia Synkham's compound" and



LIBIDIA SYNKHAM.

(Upside down you will see  
her husband).

she subsided gently into the sink with an empty compound bottle which rose and fell to the undulations of her respiratory quotient.

### Revolutionary Discovery

Announcement of a discovery which promises to revolutionize the cloak and suit industry and cause a collapse of Brazilian Traction was made last night by Prof. Blatzengolfer in an exclusive interview to Epistaxis. It consists in an entirely new method of killing moths. In Prof. Heifenpfeiffer's own words, it will raise heck with the morale of the most intrepid moths, and Prof. Ingleblotz went on to say that it would entirely obviate the necessity of throwing the inconveniently-sized missiles at present used in the destruction of the wily beasts.

"Do you realize that ninety-nine out of one hundred mothballs when thrown, entirely miss the mark?" inquired Prof. Glatzenpfortzel as the tears streamed from his lacris lacrimonum. He collected himself and continued: "The apparatus used is to be simple, consisting merely of a marble slab and a miniature scaffold, from which latter depends a rope and a piece of really good wool. The moth climbs up the scaffold, down the rope, eats the wool, falls asleep and onto the marble slab, with resulting cerebral hemorrhage.

Prof. Gluffenglatzen is to be given a degree, Doctor of Letters, from the correspondence school of Moose Jaw, for his outstanding invention.



## WILHELM SHAEKESBERE

*Presents*

## “ALMOST TWO PAGEFULS”

By K. G. Gray.

One evening not long ago we found ourselves in an unfortunate predicament. All our beer bottles were empty, the manager of our bank refused us any more money, our friends objected to our singing, so that every useful manner of employing our time seemed to be out of the question. We might have been driven to the point of working on Epistaxis, had we not thought of the Library.

By persistent enquiry, we learned from one of the Frosh how one might go about finding the Library. We were just a bit awed by the severe persons who preside over the fount of knowledge, and especially disconcerting when they frowned upon our Dunhill, pointing in an unladylike fashion at some “No Smoking” signs. In our Medical Building these placards say “No Smoking Please,” but everyone understands that the Faculty must have their little joke.

However, we placated the severe one with a story that we were saving for Epistaxis (the inspector asked us to omit it) and we were so far restored to favor that the custodian of the tomes asked us if we would be interested in a volume recently received from the pen of James Oliver Curwood. We were uncertain as to whether this was an insult to our intelligence or to the cultural level of the whole Faculty of Medicine. We parried this thrust by demanding the last word of Marie Stopes: Finally, we compromised on a small volume whose fly leaf announced that it had been translated from an ancient Greek legend.

In the author’s preface, which was long and verbose like our own, he states that he is writing a play of five acts to be read to his friends whilst sipping beer on the shady side of some Delphian hill—preferably not too near a police station. There is only one act in the volume—we presume that his friends stoned him to death at that junction, as was the custom of the hardy Spartan—or was it Athenians who lived at Delphi?

(Translation from the Greek with appropriate profanity)

**Characters**

Exhibit A . . . . . A Medical Student  
Exhibit B . . . . . A Bum

(There are only two people in the play, because it takes so long to describe characters, and we Spartans are a taciturn people, by Zeus. Exhibit A is a stripling of 23, modestly attired in the typical Grecian “napkinne” or loin cloth. This simple dress saves laundry bills and in emergency can be used as a simple handkerchief, table cloth, fish net or whatnot. Exhibit A is smoking a corn-

cob pipe, filled with Old Chum, thus revealing himself to be a 4th Year Medical student. He is at this moment being approached by Exhibit B, who is even more simply attired, thus revealing himself as a Bum. The Spartan Bums are either revered as divine or killed for food, depending on the attitude of the Church. Exhibit B is one of the jauntier Bums, as food is plentiful and the Church lenient.

Exhibit B walks up to Exhibit A, who fears a touch.)

A.—“Go away, old man, I require all my money for beer and my mistress.”





**If Outdoor Clinics were like this!**

B.—“Quiet thyself, youngster. Would a Bum take money from a Medical student? I have but one desire, to question you, even as my master Socrates was wont to do.”

A.—“Liar! Socrates hasn't been born yet. This is but B.C. 543.”

B.—“Pardon, Master, you're too smart to be a Medical student. But what is this dirty old shack, in whose doorway you stand like a god from old Olympus?”

A.—“Be careful, old man. This is the Sick Child's Hospital.”

B.—“I'll be Zeus condemned! Are the children of Delphi become so fond of bad architecture, the clang and clash of our busy traffic and the bad air from yon bootleggers' huts, that they come here in preference to the fields of Zeus, and the whinnying of goats and the smells of many flowers?”

A.—“Your viewpoint is refreshingly naive, but it smells of the masses.”

B.—“And you are too poor to wear ignorance becomingly, or as the Prophet has said, ‘Only the rich can afford to be ignorant.’ But tell me, why do you stand outside in the cold to puff that stinking weed?”

A.—“Ah, Bum, I fear you will not  
(Continued on next page)



**If Your Girl Drinks Liquor.**



## EPISTAXIS EPIGRAMS



Four Crying Out Loud.

Hank Andrews says he can't see anything in girls.—A little bismuth and a X-ray apparatus might help him out.

There was a debate on Communism at Hart House recently.—We wonder if any of the speakers quoted from Prof. Hendry's book on "Labor Problems."

They say the early bird gets the hot water at any fraternity house.—Well, who wants to shave before going to bed, anyway?

A prominent member of the medical staff who lectures to the fourth year was heard to comment on the number of students at his lecture who had coughs.—We thought they were time signals.

Newspaper heading: "If your girl plays soccer."—Seems a bit rude!

Women's gowns are becoming scantier and scantier, 'tis said.—All of which goes to show.

A prominent punster says his girl thinks he is a wit.—She is half right.

Note on history at the T.G.H. states that patient has not been feeling herself for some time.—Sounds fishy.

Lecturer to Fifth Year: "Now I will show you some pictures of the sewage disposal plant where you will be going in the Spring."—Undoubtedly the class would be enraged if the lecturer sediment it.

Doctor addressing his clinic: "That patient with St. Vitus' dance we saw yesterday, passed away this morning—So the jig is up.

There was a young lady from Kent  
Who said that she knew what it  
meant,

When men asked her to dine,  
Gave her cocktails and wine,  
She knew what it meant, but she  
went.

In New York a student on his way to a Pathology exam was run down by a motor car and killed.—Some people have all the luck.

**WILHELM SHAEKESBERE PRESENTS  
"ALMOST TWO PAGEFULS"**

(Continued from page 16)

understand. The Great Men of our trade have discovered that the most advantageous way to contract a fatal pneumonia is a severe chill in our harsh out-of-doors. The profession of Medicine is so crowded, that it is deemed by those appointed of Zeus to know all, that it is a good thing for the students to be exposed in this manner so that the weak may die off and only the hardy survive to carry on the traditions of our glorious Hippocrates. Hence we are forbidden to smoke inside the Sick Child's Hospital.

(Editor's Note.—Enough; we are overcome. Translations in Hebrew, Polock and Italian supplied for Detroit readers on request.)



# CHAMPUS CAT PURRS AGAIN

By N.A.B.

## EMETIC

The whole wild room spun in a Dervish  
dance  
And I clutched fast upon the reeling  
sink,  
The chairs and walls caution did ad-  
vance—  
One single power remained: I still could  
think!  
But it was grim and useless consolation  
To realize I retched hot acid floods  
And tawny morsels born at each defla-  
tion,  
Thick indescribables that once were food.

Now I have done; although I strain and  
heave,  
Nothing remains, and 'tis the void that  
pains.  
So is it, dear, with you. I cannot grieve  
Since I have voided anguish to its drains,  
Yet in my throat shall Memory's finger  
stick  
Reminding me of how you turned me  
sick.



## TO A VERY STUDIOUS PERSON

Hail, Pick-axe, digging at the granite  
task  
And chipping steadily the facts from life!  
What is your greatness, dare I fondly  
ask?  
Where are the laurels of your mighty  
strife?  
For Wisdom, speeding by in blithsome  
pace,  
Beholds far back a zealous rushing snail,  
A wright that burrows on from place to  
place,



All undismayed, most breathless, and  
quite pale.

Where are you, friend, without a trusty  
book  
Whose lines you creep on as an eager  
louse,  
Whose thoughts you echo, for if one  
should look  
"Dulness" is on the door-plate of your  
house.  
Such pains, such strivings one perhaps  
might brook,  
If once the mountain bore the smallest  
mouse!

## ANNOUNCING THE PRIZE- WINNERS.

First prize for the best contribu-  
tion to Epistaxis, 1928, has been  
awarded to R. M. Mitchell, who de-  
signed the cover page, and who  
contributed numerous cartoons.

The three secondary prizes have  
been awarded to W. S. Stanbury,  
whose poem, "Resurrection Morn at  
the Pathology Museum," is a gem;  
to R. A. Benson, who contributed  
three articles, notably the interview  
with Libidia Synkham, and to B. C.  
Coles, who conceived "Silk Socks."

Several contributions of merit  
were received, but lack of space  
prevented the publication of all of  
these.





### TO INTOXICATION

My tongue clacked on, loud as a rattling  
dray,  
My eyes were wide unseeing portals red;  
I had all reason my good folk to dread  
For what by inadvertence I might say

The world seemed wider, and all friends  
more true.  
They guided well the circles that I stept;  
The while my reason for my senses wept,  
I cried: "Shay, shonny, who d' hell are  
you.

But ah!—that morn, when with a burst-  
ing head  
And inward heavings for my joy I paid!  
My brow with coldest, clammy swaths  
arrayed,  
Whilst on repentance and remorse I  
fed.

Always, my friend, on both sides one  
should think:  
The ecstasy and unmixed hell of drink.  
N.A.B.

### ADLETS

ARTICLES FOR SALE: Divannette  
sweet. Wonderful saving. Can be con-  
verted rapidly into a day bed, a Ford car  
or a self-oiling osculator. Guaranteed not  
to bag at the knees or corrugate its occu-  
pants. Apply Har. 8297, or what have  
you?

LOST: An elephant between the Bio-  
logical and Medical Building. Finder  
please feed animal a pretzel and leave in  
Dr. Ryerson's mail box. Marnum's Cir-  
cuitous.

ALSO LOST: One illusion, last of a  
series and very rare. Finder please re-  
turn intact to Bill Livingston, Elizabeth  
street.

FOUND—Three quart bottles of gin in  
the King Edward Hotel lobby after the  
Senior Medical At-Home. Loser may have  
the bottles by applying at the City Jail,  
to Max Spence.

FOUND: One non-partisan hockey fan  
in Owen Sound. Finder lying at point  
of death from shock and desires doctor  
to certify as to his sanity. Apply T.G.H.

ROOM FOR RENT: Young lady living  
in the Ernsecliffe will share apartment  
and bath with student. Call evenings af-  
ter eight o'clock. Miss N. O. Good.



Student: Have a Fatima, Dr. Brown?  
Dr. Alan Brown: Thanks; what a whale  
of a difference just a few scents make to  
us Paediatricians!



# Six-Bit's Worth of Tributes To the Noble Trade of Healing

Partial Payment of Long-standing Debt — The Salient Traits of  
An M.D. — And Illustrations Thereof

( *By A SIX-BIT CRITIC* )

Religious Editor, Toronto Epistaxis:—

Well, Mr. Editor, it is certainly swell of your great periodical to offer me this chance of saying a word of tribute, or maybe a couple of them, in regards to the medicinal fraternity because there isn't any body of men in all the world to which I owe a greater debt; so great a debt, in fact, that I often doubt will I ever be able to pay same—a doubt which, I might hint, is shared by several members of the fraternity, although a few of them still keep on sending the monthly bill and Why not? as optimism is one of the most grandest attributes any doctor can possess.

Who is there, I ask myself, more vital, more indispensable, more—what shall I say?—chronic to the human race than the doctor? When 1st we make our appearance in this vale of tears isn't it the doctor, and not nobody else, which is waiting to welcome us with a hearty slap on the bare back and the joyous greeting, "Ain't he a ugly little devil." And when the time comes for us to kick off and we are laying on our final bed of pain—or bed of final pain, suit yourself—isn't it none other than a doctor which speeds us on our way. On 2nd thought I don't exactly like the look of that "speed us on our way" but—we'll, leave it lay. What I mean, the doctor gets us coming and going and what could be fairer than that?

I have already mentioned optimism as one of the characteristics invariably associated with members of the healing trade, but it is only one of many. Other noble traits which I have almost always noticed in the same connection are those of bravery, self-denial, ingenuity, broad-mindedness, and simple faith. Leave me try and illustrate:—

A doctor has absolutely got to be brave. Unless he was brave as a lion, no young man could walk along College Street or Bloor Street and see all those brass M.D. plates crowding, jostling, and overlapping each other on near every house on both sides and still imagine there was room for him to make a living at the same game.

All doctors, even from early student days, are self-denying; they will always let the other fellow have 1st cut of anything good that is going. I can't help from remembering with tears in my eyes, one fall evening back about the A.D. 1907 when I foregathered up to Queenses Park with about a hundred assorted medical students for the purpose of a

march down-town, the night being that sometimes known as Halloween. And just when we are about ready to parade, a couple of 3rd-year men come to me and say, "Seeing that you are the only one here which isn't a student, we have decided to appoint you to the place of honor. There isn't a man here which isn't just dying to do what you're going



to do, but just to show how much we think of you, our guest, we're giving you the chance." So naturally I get all swelled up and ask what do they want me to do; so they point out a big door at the top of some steps and tell me I am to go up and kick on said door as hard as I can and then give the medical yell. Which I do. All of which goes to prove what I been saying about self-denial; and the fact that the door happened to be that of the School of Science and that behind same were a couple of hundred School of Science men engaged in their rude Halloween festivities and that it was by pure mercy of Heaven that I subsequently escaped with my life, doesn't at all alter the underlying truth of my thesis.

A doctor has got to be ingenious. I think now of one commencing doctor who used to while away the hours of waiting for a non-existent clientele by allowing a few of us to play a little game of draw poker in his office. Now, anybody which has ever indulged in games of chance knows that the hardest part of all is to find excuses for quitting when you are ahead. So what does this ornament of the profession have the ingenuity to do but instruct the jane which was engaged to him, poor girl, to call him up on the phone every hour or so. And if the cards had been running bad he would answer back, "You tell Doctor Bruce I'm much too busy to consult with him; he'll have to get one of the younger men." But if he happened to be well in front he would holler into the phone, in anguished accents, "Is that so? I'll be over there in five minutes." Then he would gather up his winnings and say, "Sorry, fellows, but I've got to hustle right over to the General to do a hysterectomy on a bank president."

One of the aspersions that is oftenest flung at members of the regular

trade is that they are narrow-minded and clannish, taking a bigoted and bilious view of the activities of chiropractors and osteopaths and other rival cisterns of healing. But I know differently. Discretion prevents me using actually names in the following incidents but the doctor is a regular orthodox allopath. Anyways, there was a egg that for some time suffered from a mysterious disease—recurrent aridity, I think was the technical name—and every week or so he would go to this M.D.'s office and say, "Doc, I'm dying." And instead of treating him according to the book, the doctor would always try first to give him the Christian Science or faith-cure treatment, saying to his sufferer, "Why, it's nothing but your imagination, there isn't a thing wrong with you." And when that wouldn't work he would switch to the chiropractic, laying hands on the patient's spinal and trying to give him a gentle adjustment that would land him on the street. And when the invalid would prove too agile for that, the doctor would show his broad-mindedness by trying to cure him homeopathically; and it wouldn't be till the patient firmly refused to trifle with attenuated 6-ounce dosage that the doctor would get out the book and write out a orthodox, allopathic one-quart prescription—and in those days quarts were quarts, and the same to you, Mr. D. B. Hanna.

And as for the simple faith of the profession, what more need I say than that I am reliably informed by a high-up—12th story—stock broker that whenever one of those high-pressure salesmen comes over from the U. S. A. to conduct a clean-up campaign, they always get out that famous Roll of Honor vulgarly known as the "sucker list" and tick off the names of all the M.D.'s to visit first. Like that of the famous A. B. Adehm, their names lead all the rest, several

*(Continued on page 23)*





Patient: Unhand me, Sir.

Student: I'm not a surgeon, yet.

### Six-Bit's Worth of Tributes To the Noble Trade of Healing

(Continued on page 22).

lengths in front of those of bank-managers and ministers who follow in that order. And if that isn't proof of simple faith, what have you?

Really, I could go on and on testifying to and describing the inspiring and endearing attributes of the profession; but what is the use when all the customers have doubtless tuned out on me about nine paragraphs back and anyways I'm writing this free of charge and probably overpaid at that. So wishing you, all and singly, all the epidemics of the season and that all your cases will prove protracted and complicated I remain with—back of the applesauce—a very real feeling of regard and admiration,

Yours sincerely,  
"A SIX-BIT CRITIC."

# MALLABAR



Costumer  
for  
DAFFYDIL  
1928



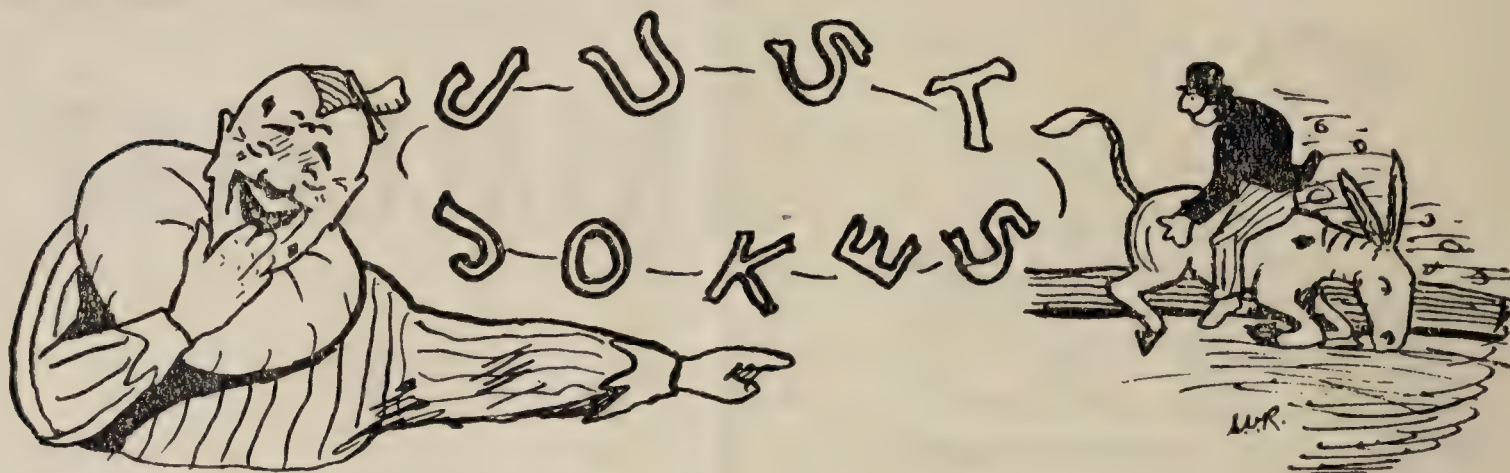
TRinity 8218  
450 SPADINA AVE.



Officer: Don't you see that sign?

Student: But, sir, I wasn't inhaling.





Hank: "How is your eye, Henry?"

Miller: "Much better, thank you, since the doctor treated it."

Andrews: "I hope it will come out all right."

"Give me that shovel."

"That snow shovel?"

"Sure it is."

Visitor at Burnside: "I wonder how many great men have been born here?"

Interne (superciliously): "Only babies are born here."

"Is that man over there married?"

"Well, if he is not, I am in an awful fix."

"Why?"

"I'm his wife."

Dr. McPhedran (to fifth year clinic): "I have some good news for you."

Fallon: "Are you going away on a trip, sir?"

Page: "Oh, King, ten thousand women are without—without."

Reformed King (rising hurriedly): "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse and the first man who says feed them, dies like a dog."

Young Lady: "Am I your father?"

Surprised Medical Student: "Why, certainly not."

Y. L.: "Then quit pawing me."

Dr. Low says that prenatal clinics are a lot of bother, but that they save labor in the end.

P. Ochre: "I bet my girl she wouldn't marry me."

Low: "Well?"

P.O.: "She called my bet and raised me five!"

This story is told of the co-ed who invited her girl friend to drive with her to the Queen's game. Just outside Belleville they had engine trouble and Lizzie refused to proceed. One of the girls stopped the next car which happened to be driven by a lone student: "Oh won't you please help us," she asked, "Mary stripped her gears?"

"I am sorry," replied the student, "I happen to be studying for the ministry, but there are a bunch of Meds in the car behind."

Mrs. Hootzenguffer: "Did you know that my son at college was taking Medicine?"

Her Neighbour: "The poor boy. Has he been sick long?"

Modern Girl: "Have you seen my little niece?"

The Boy: "I couldn't help but see them."

Clinician: "What is the treatment in cases of aortic aneurysm?"

Student: "Digitalis?"

Clinician: "No, but you should have read it up."

"What is the matter with Brown's trousers, they look baggy?"

"I dunno. Guess they haven't had their iron today."

"The woman who called her baby, born on July 1, Confederation, made a bad mistake."

"Why?"

"Confederation had thirty-four fathers."

There is only one Perfect Person in Medicine.

They haven't anything on me, said the new arrival at Burnside.



## A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Stanton: "I hear you were ill, Fraser, was it anything serious?"

F. M. Greig: "It was my brother who was ill, I am all right."

Stanton: "Oh, that is too bad."

Ziegler: "I called you up last night but you were out."

McTavish (heatedly): "The d—mn prevaricators. I may have been all in but I certainly was not out."

K. Baldwin: "I told Dr. Brown I did not have brains enough to do it. Do you think I made myself plain?"

Miss Batt: "Heavens no. The Creator did that."

Fred Cuddy: "I went home at Christmas intending to have a rest but I met a pretty girl."

Jack Lind: "Well, what then?"

Fred: "You can imagine the rest."

Mac Masters: "Thank heaven, I have no Scotch relatives. I detest them."

"Scotty" Fisher: "Be careful, there, my closest friend is Scotch."

Bob Oswald says that the difference between a medical student and a research worker is that the latter loves his pets.

Alex. Willett: "What is the latest thing in men's clothes, John?"

John Wallace: "Why, Cull Bryant. He has never been on time since I have known him."

Anthony: "I dropped my watch on the stairway and it stopped."

Brillinger: "Did you expect it to go right through?"

Anthony: "No, but I thought it might run down."

Sniderman: (Who with Cohen have been involved in a motor accident) "Oh, my poor Essex."

Cohen: "Well, so does mine, but I'm not yelling about it."

Ned Moore: "I took my girl to a restaurant where they have swell mushrooms last night."

Gord Large: "Why didn't you just go to her home and use the chesterfield?"

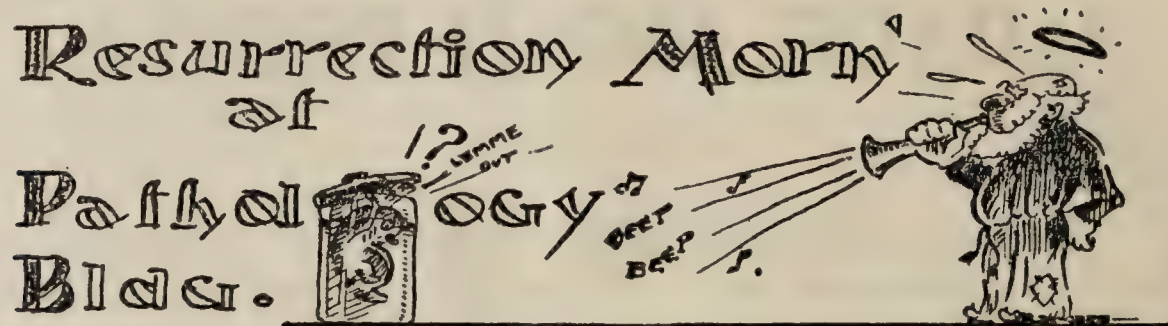


Dr. Hepburn: What is the characteristic murmur in mitral stenosis?

Stu Good: I have an idea—

Dr. H.: I'll bet it is a good one—beginner's luck.





### RESURRECTION MORN AT THE PATHOLOGY BUILDING.

'Twas Resurrection Morning,  
Old Gabriel's horn had blown;  
Lank, tall and skinny corpses  
Were gathering round the Throne,  
When from the Path Museum  
Arose a dreadful shout,  
"This darned Canadian Balsam  
Will never let us out."

Old Gabriel's mouth atwitching,  
Called Peter from the Gate;  
"Say, this Morn's a fizzle,  
For half the dead are late;  
Where is the mighty Sampson,  
Or silver-tongued Paul,  
To free these from their prison,  
Before the roll we call?

Just at this crucial moment  
Arose from deepest Hell,  
A snicker or a chuckle—  
Sufficient 'tis to tell  
That many a pathologist  
With many a little smirk,  
Did see the Great Revival  
A-ruined by his work.

At last one of their number,  
His wings upon the blast,  
In sport to free these organs  
That they might rise at last;  
Just placed a drop of Xylol  
Upon the labelled slide,—  
Then coverlips went flipping  
To free the dead inside.

Ah! then was real confusion,  
A hubbub and a roar,  
As every prisoned organ

Went rushing for the door  
To find the long-lost body  
Where once it did abide,  
To meet its brother organs,  
Or perhaps another slide.

A great and bulged Aorta,  
With well-feigned virgin gaze,  
Sought only hearts rheumatic  
From out the dreadful maze.  
And many another organ  
Went wearily about;  
Of all these I would tell you,  
But the censors ruled me out.

A Gangrene dry and blackened  
Had often heard it said  
That this great day would separate  
The living and the dead  
Most patiently he waited  
Beside an Infarct's side,  
But lo the living tissues  
Were missing or had died.

Some jars began to rattle  
And specimens tumbled out  
Ten hardened trophic nodules  
Sought bodies full of Gout.  
They shunned their painted comrades,  
And gathered far apart.  
Even hardened tissues would not have  
A stain upon their heart.

The "professor" moaned in silence,  
As down his tears did pour.  
Poor Bill ran for the dish-cloth  
To save the varnished floor.  
"Oh, why, oh why," he murmured,  
"Is this the only way?  
I know it may be sinful,  
But damn! this Rising Day!"

W.S.S.



## What the Press Says of Mr. Lyonde—

"Lyonde is the King of Canadian Photographers."—Toronto Saturday Night.

"His work is so far in advance of other photographers that one finds himself speaking of him as Lyonde the artist."—Hamilton Times.

"In fact Lyonde is the only photographer."—Catholic Register.

"Other photographers have rivals, but this man Lyonde stands without a peer."—Whitby Chronicle.

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### PATRICK AND HENRY BUT NO CHILDREN'S PAGE

Father Patrick and Uncle Henry was supposed to come across with enough copy to fill up a couple of pages like they did last year, only they kept putting it off and putting it off till finally we had to go to press on account of not being able to wait any longer, so the "Children's Page" is not with us. Maybe they were busy with other things. I'd like to see a fellow like Dr. Smirle Lawson, editor of Epistaxis, so's he could throw the fear of God into these contributors and make them come across with copy. An ordinary Fifth Year guy don't have much influence over them.

Well, looking over the "Children's Page" in last year's issue, we come to the conclusion it was kind of a wash-out anyway, except for the cartoons which was done by Fergie Kyle. Of course it suffered considerable at the hands of the censor. The original copy did have a humorous smack of a sort, but it had to be sacrificed for the sake of propriety. Likely if they had got busy and written more this year their ink would have flown too hot again and the censorial filtrate would have had a similar insipidity, cause I don't see

no change in their sense of humour in the past year, except maybe it's got worse and harder to set down in print.

Take, for instance, a remark Henry made to me the last time I told him we was counting on two pages of copy. He says, "Well, I'm busy reviewing 'The Love Letters of a Sewer Digger,' trying to get an idea or two." And Patrick says, "I'm brooding over it like a brood sow, but I don't seem to get no light that would shine good on a 'Children's Page.'" You see, they don't seem to have no culture about them in spite of all their education, and maybe it's just as well they didn't get into print. Funny how two such upright young fellows should lack the innocence and dignity necessary for our magazine.

Well, next year we're going to try and get somebody else to write a "Children's Page." There's no doubt that such a feature should be a permanent part of Epistaxis, for how else can we hope to instruct the frosh and inculcate into them the finer sentiments which the seniors have, that depth of feeling and rich sense of humour? The poor frosh these days are handled with silk gloves, by the sophs even. They don't get no initiations, they don't develop no spirit much and they're going to graduate like crates out of a box factory if we don't keep up the old propaganda.



## T. Solium Returns From Long Trip Of Exploration

**Was Attached to Environment.  
Forced To Leave By  
Unseen Force**

(By a Staff Reporter.)

Mr. T. Solium, especially well known to Dr. Bensley, returned today from one of his long explorations and was interviewed by an enterprising Epistaxis reporter, who attired in slicker and equipped with alcohol, bearded the great one in his new home.

He was very pleasant but inclined to be silent. His bristly hair and long skinny body gave him an air at once stately and dignified but when treated copiously with alcohol he loosened up sufficiently to describe his harrowing experiences in the Alimentary Canal.

He referred feelingly to his stay in the great waste areas of the Colon and seemed greatly moved thereby. In fact the explorer avered that he had become greatly attached to his environment and had been persuaded to leave, only with difficulty. "The country simply abounds in the oddest forms of life, but that did not bother me in the least," Mr. Solium is quoted as having said. It is understood however, that he was not entirely pleased with the terrain.

Commenting on his reasons for leaving Mr. Solium said: "I simply hated to do it, I felt like a worm for even thinking of it, but what was I to do? Some external force seemed to influence me. First I became drowsy and while I was under the spell the Canal was violently agitated. Then I decided to give way and leave. But I wish you would not question me further, the incident has me all broken up."

Mr. Solium now resides in the Biological Building where he intends to remain for some time.

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## *Prize Winning Parody*

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*The following parody on the First Lords Song in Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" was awarded Dr. Hardings' special prize. It was written by W. S. Stanbury, 3T0.*

---

When I was a stude I served my term  
With Jimmy Watt of the McMurrich firm.  
I studied bones and knew them well,  
For I picked up the stakes whenever they fell.  
I threw those bones so successfuller,  
That now I'm a member of the Facultee.

Of Anatomy I got such a grip,  
By my weekly and regular Gayety trip,  
On knees or ankles I could discourse  
With the greatest ease their cosmic force.  
I knew so much of the feminine knee,  
They made me a professor of Anatomee.

And as for the years in hospitals,  
As I pondered the wonders of rubs and rales,  
To study the heart I tried to find  
A rich young lady of similar mind.  
That rich young lady did so well for me,  
That now I'm a member of the Facultee.

Now students all whoever you be,  
If you want to climb to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't tied to the leg of a stork,  
Be sure to take heed wherever you work,—  
Go choose your wife most carefullee,  
And you may be a member of the Facultee!

\*\*\*\*\*



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*A stewed stude lay sprawled in a  
ditch  
Tho' senseless his parched lips did  
twitch—  
And 'neath dark swollen malars  
They cursed roundly all tailors  
But showered with praise Harry  
Skitch.*

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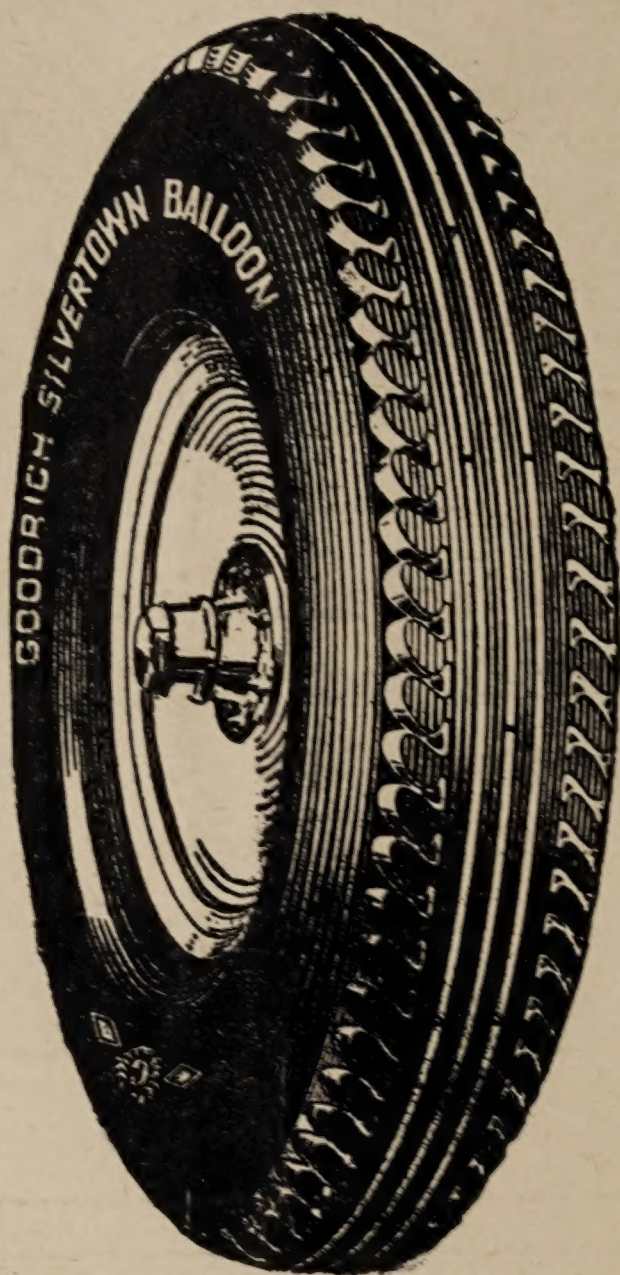
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